

Life In The City

Michael Franti & Spearhead

Some say you only get so many breaths, when they're gone you'll meet your maker
Some people always try to cheat their death but when it comes you just cant shake it
Some people try to make a deal to get a little bit more but they just can't take it
Some of them end up in debt, when their called they try to fake it
But one morning the clock will chime and no more birds come flying by
And temperatures keep rising higher, sixteen bullets come flying by Ai yi yi put your hands up high
Coz' you never know how long your gunna live till' ya die
They hit you with a missile, hit you with a bomb, hit you with the law try to take your home
Break into your house in the middle of the night, track you on a cell phone by satellite
Stopped N.Y. time you're in your car
Search your body search your home an' listenin' in on your phone calls
Still no politician got enough balls, lining the people up against the wall
When the truth comes out all hell will call and someday Guantanamo will fall
Until that day we all will ride on [Chorus]
Ai yi yi put your hands up high
'Coz you never know how long your gunna live till' ya die
That's life in the city, that's life in the city yeah
That's life in the city, mad world in the city Some holdin' on, so damn gone their whole lives livin' with their
TV on
Then radio play the same 10 songs, set your clock by which ones on
And watching the news try to see whats wrong, find somebody else to blame it on
Hope they never come and research you coz' your grandmother was an immigrant too
So if you love somebody better tell them so
'Coz you never ever ever no when they gonna go
If they love you back, just give thanks
Can't keep love like money in the bank

Songwriters

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